Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can, Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will a haue wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpreation will miſquote our lookes,
And wee ſhal feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may bee well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouernd by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Ex*

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay ſo. Here come

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Mary and ſhall very willingly.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of your grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that, he is fore ſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue thr
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd, did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The *Prince* of Wales ſtept forth before the
And, Nephew, challeug'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And which beeame him like a Prince indeed,